

13th Meaning

staff

Editor

Richard Rogers

Assistant Editor Peter Racicot

Art

Mary Murphy

WORCESTER

STATE LIT

ERARY

AGAZINE

M

13th Meaning

January, 1971 Volume 3, Number 1

WORCESTER STATE COLLEGE

Worcester, Massachusetts 01602

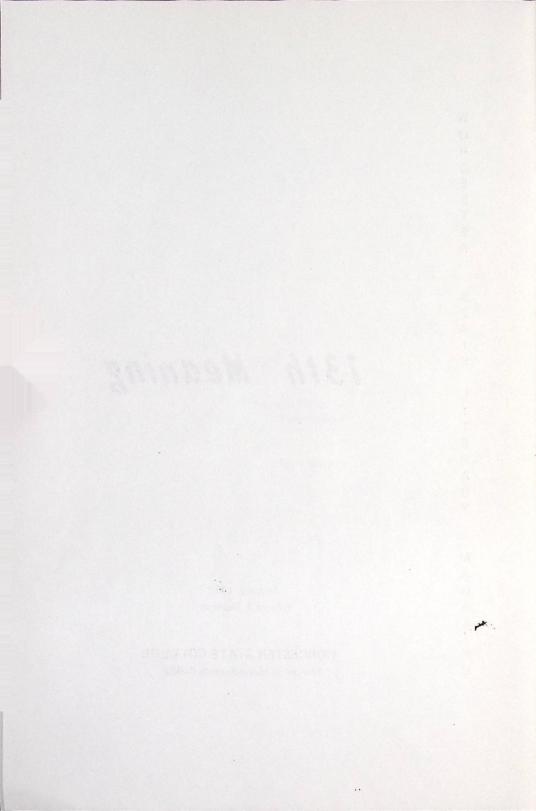
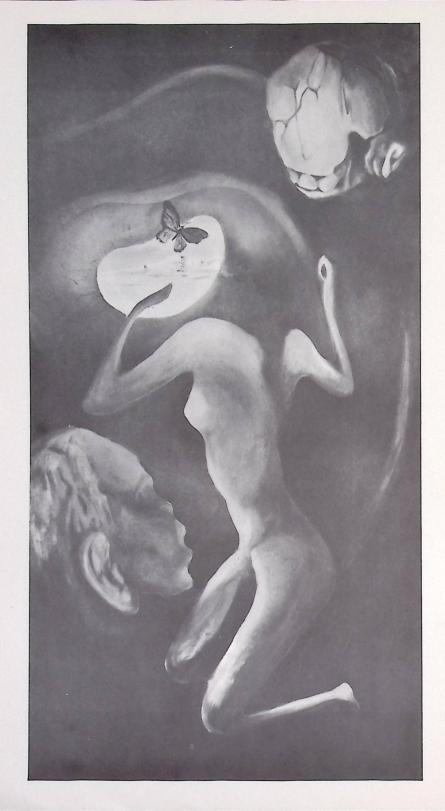


Table of Contents

4	Painting of Sweet AfterwardsFrank Lenti '72
5	Sweet Afterwards
6	Do You Remember? Peter Racicot '72
7	Concert Diane O'Flynn '73
9	To Patricia Richard Rogers '72
9	Calm · · · · Catherine Johnson '72
10	Alone Almost
11	Remember Me Alfred La Fleche '72
12	Memories II
12	Gone Peter Racicot '72
13	July 19, 1970 Diane O'Flynn '72
16	Love Betty Berry '74
17	For Barbara Alfred La Fleche '72
17	Birth Kate Plaud '74
18	Patricia Richard Rogers '72
18	untitled
19	Linda's Morning
23	untitled
25	Churches Peter Racicot '72
26	Halfback William Earls '71
27	For People
28	Friend
29	a painting Frank Lenti '72
30	Leaving Peter Racicot '72
31	Debby Richard Rogers '72
32	Emptiness Alfred La Fleche '72



"Sweet Afterwards"

". . .there is a lady, whose name is Afterwards she is sitting beside young death, is slender; likes flowers." *

Sweet Afterwards
to get to you
the gasping womb
I must drop through
and when I'm on
the other side
I must take Chaos
for my bride.

Through shadeless lands
my foot must fall
where thirst is great
and quenched with gall,
where seed is salt
and wounds are deep,
where people moan
but cannot weep,
where prisons swim
in half-shut eyes
and words half-whispered
end in sighs.

Sweet Afterwards to be with you Death's misty womb I must fall through and run the risk of finding there a nothingness. . . eternal . . .bare.

*"suppose"

By E. E. Cummings

Paul Callahan

Do. You Remember?

I thought and thought for hours And decided to send flowers, A gay group of red and white To commemorate the night. I asked you to marry me. Can you remember back When your hair was darkest black, And your eyes were bright and clear And you were able to hear Easily? It must have been quite long ago The tree in the yard had just started to grow. The boys on the block threw their ball away, They've all grown up and married away To the city. I can remember when people danced slow And when there was Church service everyone would go. Seemed people would smile then all of the time And the poor were those who really could use a dime For coffee. Remember the day we got caught in the rain And you said we'd never go out again? At first you were mad and then you cried And it wasn't very funny to be caught outside Dressed-up. We went out the next week to a movie in town And somehow I knew all along you'd break down. There, I knew you'd admit it Was it the flowers that did it Or the candy? Of course I remember the picnic in fall And the days on the ocean, I remember them all. But I think best of all of the times I remember Was the very cold Saturday in late December When we got married.

Peter Racicot

concert

brown thighs throbbing slapping together hips and breasts and bellies shakin' wildly girating mystical sexual explosion to the beat of magic that created Life Tina soul-wailing sexual-sounds into the microphone black thighs coming together that created Life black sounds as round and replenishing as life itself and love comes back to life and the music screams to the sexual beat it moans it whines it begs for more and more and more now life has come to love and love is in our bodies now love does not hide and life shows itself in the bodies dancing wildly so long enslaved from the mystical wounds of Africa gold-maned fiend are you the love-goddess come back for us to perform the sacred ritual once again? not to be forgotten else man should die we say that life is sacred

and we say that our bodies are profane now as the lights girate from blue to flickering green now yellow flesh now pink flesh now white now blue life comes to the body and the body is life now sacred is profane when the sounds of sexual ecstasy are hammered out by the big amplifiers they fill up the hall and echo through our heads and Tina screams and shouts with new-found life never-grown old and the womb bares itself unashamed the magical womb that choked forth the world and thighs come together in the mystical-sexual dark moist drum-beat guitars wail, and legs open to show a peep of white panties in the night the thighs open outspread music is created in the happydriving-piercing-sobbing moan the exhaustion that brings bliss in the night the cold rain slams down against our faces like the hammers of God we say its all the same and are relieved and love comes to life and life comes to the body beautiful and naked like the day of God itself

Diane O'Flynn

To Patricia

As the sun still rises in the east so hope sets in the west though the warm winds waft the clouds aloft no sails aross the horizon and through the dimly lit dusk and smoke a smiling croupier works god sleeps and the world plays prophets rage and the seers weep manking wines and wenches his way to nowhere As beneath the turbulent seas lies an inner peace so with you grows a stronger love that blooms in the silent spring and we together may find such happiness that the birds chirp and sing while scavangers flee to a foreign land and love is ours

Richard Rogers

Calm

Stillness
Bleak and cold
Darkness broken by a reckless color crayon
Life silhouetted against a charcoal sky
Dark blue water - frozen in June
Captured by a black veil
Held motionless by an artist's pencil
Peacefulness
No frenzy, No turmoil, No confusion
Nature sleeps eternally.

Cathy Johnson '72

ALONE - ALMOST

Captivated by a spectrum of flashing lights Intrigued with the infinite pounding of drums And yet, alone . . . almost.

Intoxicated with the scent of grass
Enchanted by this strange aurora of people
But still alone . . . almost.

Belonging, and yet not really Morals and values turned topsy-turve Alone . . . almost . . .

Lived and experienced life
Sought and found
Found - a meaning to life
No longer alone - almost . . .
Belonging, captivated, intrigued by you - ALONE.

Cathy Johnson '72

Send me to die, Tell me of truths, And of causes, And I will go.

Take me from home; Take me from all, Even my love, And I will go.

I will go die, Die for your truths, For you money, Meekly to die.

Send me to wars, Rip out my heart, Spill all my blood, And I will die.

Show me a flag, And an eagle, And an error, And I will die.

I will go die. Onto your soul I pour my blood, The guilt on you.

I will go now, But my brothers Will wait behind And will not die.

They forget not Wasting my life The way you did. They remember.

Alfred LaFleche

R

Ł

V

E

Μ

B

E

R

M

E

GONE

Gone, gone, gone, Like a castle of sand Built on crumbling land. Gone like the wind Sweeping fast 'cross the plain Stopping for a moment Then going again. Gone like the child Who once lived next door Who's now grown and married And's not there any more. Gone like a thought That stops only to say "You'll never think of me" And then goes away. Gone like a kiss That one side won't miss For they've had it before And of more they are sure.

Peter Racicot

Memories,
All ragged
And ghostlike,
Coming home,
Are sending
Me to live
Evermore
In lands of
Evermore.

Memories II

Alfred LaFleche

blue eyes

just like

shattered glass

angel-sun gleaming

crazy eyes

wide white

hair growing down your face

"WHY?"

smile

written

across a page

and she understands

So sad

and so sensitive

"I only feel good when I'm

high

but then I have to come

down again"

So down down down

down

And the cold-throbbingsweat-burning pain the shaking spasmotic pain

the friends that had to

fail

and the drugs

So much pain So much pain

I won't ever understand

never never understand

what made him draw the Blood

so young

To be dead at 21 DEAD

he picked me two bright flowers right beside the children's paintings

& smile always

with your amazing eyes

soft soft shattered

blue eyes

crazing gleaming

just like his eyes

passing a joint in the snowy night outside the auditorium

& smile always

& helped me out

sitting beside me so fucked up his mind so fucked up

he knew it too trying to believe it could all be music & emotions getting busted in Logan Airport for \$20,000 worth of dope unable to remember

> in your mind out of school no 5th grade philosophy and nature-study teacher andthe parents that had to fail

> > & the friends the friend that had

to fail

and the parents that pricked pins into that twisted mind

> & were ashamed How fucked-up How fucked-up Did they make you to frustrate-invert your mind that way?

I'll never understand NEVER

And the "WHY?" that is written across my brain because I remember & I always remember

always always

Your soft sad voice Those soft gleaming

> crazy eyes that gave away your sweetness

I'll never forget

never

never And the pain that must have weighed down your mind the pain
pain
throbbing
sickledstabbing
pain
to draw the razor

your throat
and the blood
the blood that had
to flow
and the friend that had
to fail
and the dope that had
to fail

So young So young To be dead at 21 DEAD

2

But I know you never really died
I saw you sitting upon your gravestone
And I knew you never really died at all
you just went away for a while
And I'll see you again

& All I'll have to look for
is your eyes
as I've always done
& then you'll smile
And I'll know it's you
again

come back
perhaps in a flower or
in a cloud blotting out the moon
or in a fig

or a pig
or the hollow cries of
a starving mangy cat
scavenging behind the factories

and I'll know you by
your smile
And your eyes will tell
me what you are
All along I knew you never really
went away

I knew it all along
You never really left at all
Of course you didn't
How could you?

How could you

on such a

beautiful warm Sunday afternoon

When I went to a picnic?

Diane O'Flynn

Love

Love,
Gently flowing
From the giver
To the receiver,
Is like a flower.
First a bud,
Then a hesitant growing,
Finally bursting into full bloom.

Love,
Can also be stormy.
Full of fire
And passion.
Hitting,
Consuming,
Breaking down all barriers.
Compelling,
Conquering.
This, too, is love.

True Love
Strong and powerful,
Be it gentle or wild
Survives all obstacles,
And lives
Forever.

Betty Berry

Your soft blue eyes
Reach to me, touching
Gently at my heart. I,
Reaching back fail to
Come too close, fearing
To cause pain in one who
Loves you, Can't touch back.
Wanting your love—
Needing your love—
Losing your love—
I stand now alone,
Watching you leave.
Never will I say I was
Noble, only ask myself
If I've done right.

For Barbara

Alfred LaFleche

"Birth"

I was born in the dark, grey caves of the night Ignorant with five weapons.

Black mud oozed from the wells of sorrow

Splattered on the walls, the hard, rocky floor, and the stone-sealed roof.

Then the waters came:

Waters shimmering, glimmering, dancing, laughing, rippling, flowing, singing, glowing, reaching me, teaching me, showing me; unknowing me.

Fine I was in this dark valley for the mud had ceased to come And the rain had purified it opening channels for the sun.

Kate Plaud

dark luxuriant hair
through which my fingers gently run
her face theanthropic softly expressive
is close to mine
hands clasp about my waist
smiling eyes wish tender wishes
her body rests gracefully
against mine
our lips touch

Patricia

love vibrates pulsatingly through my torso
a feeling of beauty overwhelms all
inexpressible love
the presumptious old world
can be discarded
life becomes dimensional a thrill a passion
the invincible is easily ours
chasms and mountains cease to be
there is only you and i

richard rogers

We stuck together like pink bubble gum Sticks to the bottom of a shoe.

For as we ran through life
I felt his sidewalk strength pulling us together.

And though today the stretch has all but died
I see his love still clinging to my sole.

Pat Kazarnowicz

LINDA'S MORNING

Linda made the transition from fully asleep to fully awake slowly. First, the one hand, red tipped and small, pushed out from beneath the covers and turned in the warm air of the bedroom. Slowly and roughly, the other pushed the pillow away from her head and she rolled over onto her back. The warm, red mouth opened into a languorous yawn and her breath pushed a strand of hair from her face, dropped it onto the pillow. One eye blinked open for a moment, closed again. Her arms straightened out above and the body arched beneath the covers as she stretched and the soft mouth opened into another long yawn, her tongue dancing between her teeth. The yawn ended, the mouth closed, and she collapsed, lay still for a moment. She sat up quickly and her hands gathered the hair from her neck, lifted it, and dropped it like golden straw over her face. A flick of her head sent it dancing back into place and then her feet swung onto the floor and she stood erect.

"Oh, balls," she said. She crossed to the window and pulled the curtain apart, stepped back as the sun came slamming into the room.

Blinking her eyes against the glare, looked out. Below her the grass was brilliantly green and the flowers in the corner of the lawn were vivid reds and yellows against it. Small, puffy clouds hung in the sky and across on the hill, cows were grazing in the shade of the maples.

"What a lousy morning," Linda growled. Still standing in the window, she did ten quick knee bends, rolled

onto her back and did fifteen situps. She shook the hair out of her eyes and lifted her legs ten times. "Secret of a youthful body," she said aloud. She was nineteen.

Done, she pulled her nightie off, dropped it onto the floor. On her way to the bathroom she looked longingly at a photograph on the bureau. "Hiya, Hunk," she said. She touched two fingers to her lips, held them against the mouth of the picture. "I love you," she said. "Please, please come back."

She turned the shower on and while it warmed, began to brush her teeth viciously, fifty up and down strokes on the front, back and sides of her mouth. She gargled loudly for a second and then blasted the water into the sink.

After checking the water's temperature, she stepped into the shower, let the full force of the water smash into her face, turned to let it land on her head and run down over her back. Slowly she began to soap every inch of herself, moaned delightedly in the luxurious feel of the water on her slim body. She took special attention with her face, scrubbed it for almost five minutes.

"Tonight, tonight, it all began tonight," she was singing and stopped. "You're a goddam genius, Linda. You should go on tour. You're that great." She stopped soaping herself, rinsed, stepped out of the shower.

Dripping water, she began to dry herself with a massive towel, walked back into the bedroom. Her nightie was lying on the floor and she flicked it onto the bed with a practiced kick. The towel was rubbing her arms and then her legs as she stepped into the window and the sun, felt the warmth of it. Slowly, carefully, she began to wipe the

last droplets of water from herself, let the sun finish what the towel could not do.

She went to her toes, quickly, smoothly, fired the damp towel into a corner, walked to the bureau, yanked a drawer open. "AW, you son of a bitch," she spat. "Where in the. ." She found a pair of panties, stepped into them, fell back across the bed.

Her hand picked up the telephone and she rolled onto her stomach to dial the number she wanted. She lit a cigarette, blew smoke into the mouthpiece. "C'mon, c'mon, answer the goddam phone."

"Hello?" came from the receiver.

"Jeanette? Linda."

"Oh, hi, Lin. How are you?"

"I feel like hell, why? I've got a hangover and a dent in my car. Did Bob finally come to the party?"

"He came just after you left."

"God. . .that figures. I quit, Jeanette. I'm done. I'm swearing off men for good. I'll go into a goddam convent or something."

"Linda!" Jeanette was shocked. "Your language."
"Oh, Jeanette. Don't be such a goddam prude, will
you?"

"But. ."

"Who did Bob leave with? Do you know?"

"Sandy Brandt. I think he's going to pin her."

"He's going to pin her." It was a statement, not a question.

"I think so."

"That figures too. That bitch."

"Danny was waiting for you to come back," Jeanette said. "He waited until almost three for you."

111

"Faithful Danny. My very own lap dog."

"He's nice, Linda."

"He acts like he's four years old, for God's sake. He's just the guy for you, Jeanette. Talk about wanting to keep your chastity. He wouldn't touch you if he caught you in the shower."

"Please, Linda!" Jeanette was shocked again.

"I just wanted to find out what Bob did."

"He just left with Sandy."

"And you think he's going to pin her."

"That's right."

"To hell with it then. So long, Jeanette."

"Bye, Lin." Linda dropped the phone, stood up and flicked cigarette ashes onto the floor.

"Goddam it," she spat. She let her eyes move toward the photograph on the bureau. "Love always, Bob." Yeah, sure, I can just imagine him now, telling the boys, "Good ol' Linda. Lot of action." And now he was gone, she thought, remembering the hard mouth on hers, the body against her. Sandy Brandt. "Pig!"

"What a lousy morning," she said. She snapped her cigarette into the bowl as she walked into the bathroom. "He's gone and I'm pregnant."

She filled the sink with hot water, reached up to take a man's razor blade from the cabinet, touched the tip of it to her wrist. "This is going to hurt like hell," she said.

William Earls

A blue day as I am
And the sky is limited to clouds.
Yet here is the night that is you
At all beginnings of an endless storm.

You slide into yourself Protecting what is real And what is truth about you; An endless storm Beginning at the end And ending at the start.

Forever and ever onward
Into your blackest night
I may go
For black is your beauty
As you say.
Life's ending in a night;
A night turns into day
As again the day begins to melt away
Into the ebony of night.

But what about the moon and stars? I know about the sun.
But what about the moon and stars?

Are they not the dreams of night
Reflecting those of day
As they play within their little framework,
Smiling, almost laughing at the beauty of the night.
They seem to shine so softly
But to you they must seem bright,
For you hide them with your big black curtains
And create a newer night.

But within your livid limpidity
A newer pallid type of time
Is of your wanly essence;
The waters of the seas reflect
The pitchy core
As well they do the sun.
Whence
We cast upon the shore of time
And the sea breaks as the day.

Dennis Lucey '73

Churches

Look at the black of the nun and the priest, They cannot say that they go to a feast; Christ is the course which the menu provides, Then a new priest will speak to them besides.

Look at the beads that the nuns proudly wear, Beads that were given to replace their hair; Happy They are in their one little cell, Free from the care that they might go to Hell.

Father O'Brien has such a sad life, Gets a new car but he can't get a wife; But he is sure that in Heaven he'll get, Quite a tall beauty with quite a large set.

Churches with windows of red and of blue, Make all the rich people happy it's true; Sing though they may from sunrise to sunset, I never knew poor people fed by song, yet.

Look at your servant who writes here below, All that I ask is that I could just know; Why would a God who made flower and birch, Make such a foolish thing as a Church?

Peter Racicot

Halfback

She watches, October in the air
With burning leaves, tossing hair
Above a sweatered, scarlet S
Alive with joy and untouched breasts
And liquid laugh and smile between,
Watching writhing crowds and grass grid green,
Banners snapping in rainbow rout,
Above the moan, the cheer, the shout.

And, yellow handkerchief beneath,
Padded shoulders, tightened teeth,
He sets, "Let's go, baby, do or die."
The leather blurs against the sky,
And Henry Jamieson, sixteen,
Moves for goal, for glory, and for queen.

William Earls

For People

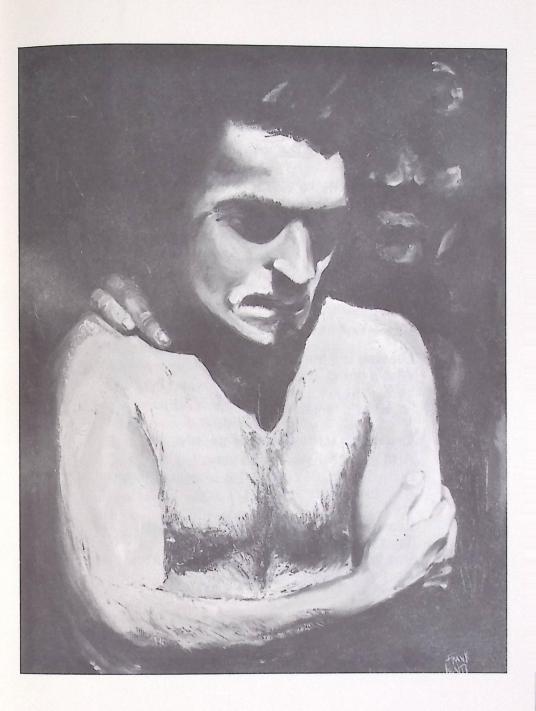
Incense burned, and I burned. The candle shone its light and so did I shine mine. My brothers and sisters did not even look. My mind turned inside out and I turned inside in. The shadow reached for me and I touched it and kissed it. I sweat, and cried, and without ever living, I died.

Pat Kazarnowicz

FRIEND

An unknown entity A sparkling person, intriguing A phlogiston undiscovered Different, imaginative, exciting A paradigm of poeisis A thought half conceived Or ill conceived, illegitimate For what is the whole And in the mind unobscured? A pleasure, a beauty Yet more A synthesis of the real From the synthetic A cherished hope And faith in the unscrutable A friend.

Richard Rogers



LEAVING

Leaving is like a warm afternoon When the sun is just starting to set; One of you has to go home for supper And it seems like you've just met.

Leaving is the last run down the hill When the snow is just right; And you hurry down for one more ride But they've closed the lift for the night.

Leaving is your oldest brother Who's going away to war; He said it isn't good to fight So what's he going for?

Leaving is a room full of people And you really want to stay; But you've got college for one more week And exams start the next day.

Leaving is two hands and two hearts That are holding each other tight; But you live one place and she another And you have to say goodnight.

Peter Racicot

Debby

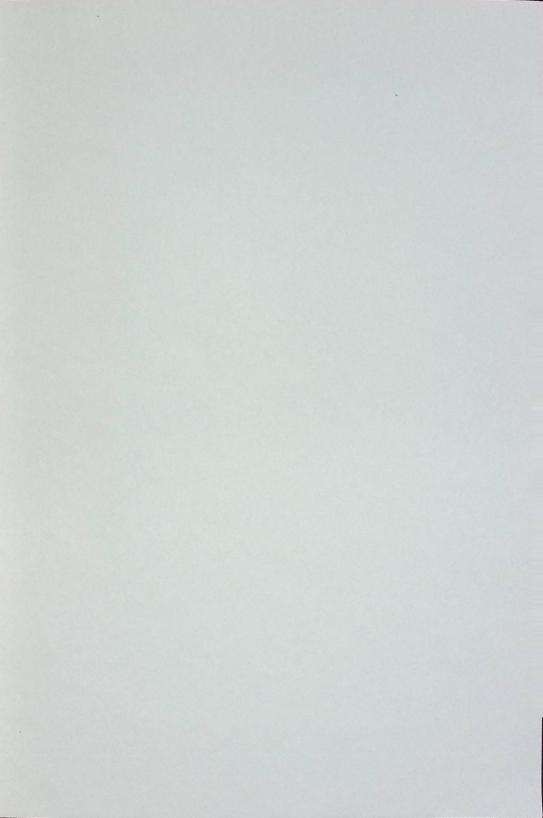
A strange girl A shadow crosses the horizon With a glowing softly radiant background Not unlike a halo Yet larger, more encompassing And irreligious A dissolusioned adventist not waiting for Godot Holding her own ideals in an existential world And dreams that lack The stark reality of nothingness The prodigal daughter of a travailing society Whose womb nutures the dying body And forgets the soul Confused and tender While the adolescent sun Sets in the western sky A strange girl crosses the horizon

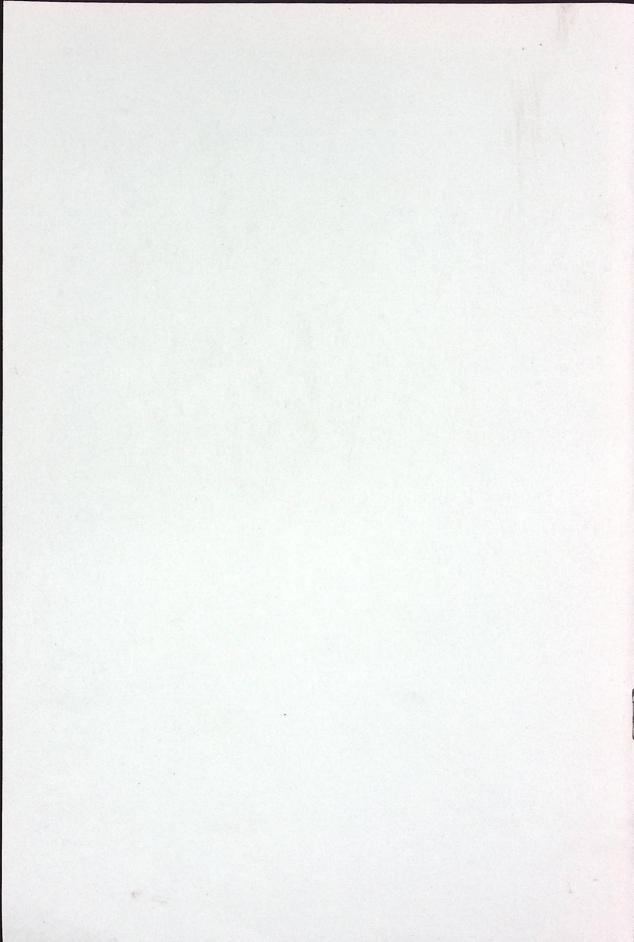
Richard Rogers

Emptiness

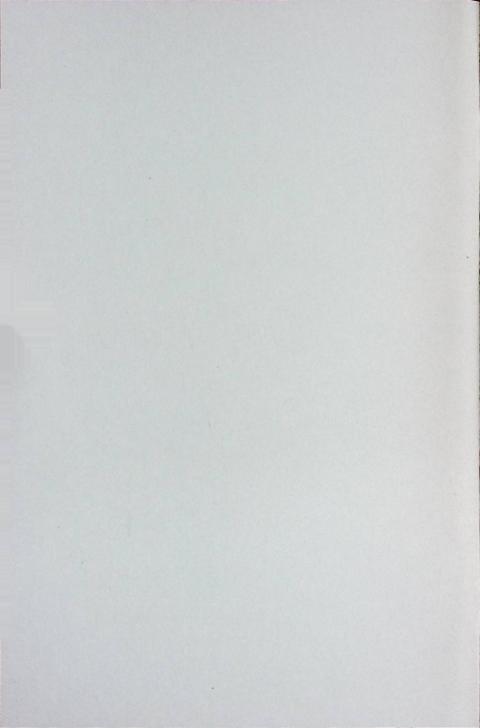
Emptiness Is holding Someone's hand Unholding.

Alfred LaFleche





13th M e A IM



WORCESTER

STATE

LITERA

R

MAGAZ

I N

E

13th Meaning

May, 1971 Volume 3, Number 2

WORCESTER STATE COLLEGE

Worcester, Massachusetts 01602

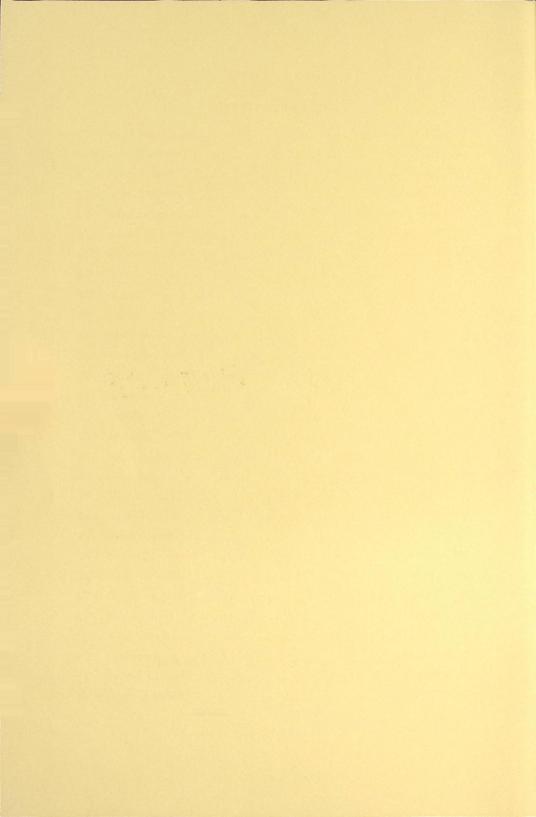


TABLE OF CONTENTS

3	Untitled painting Frank Lenti	'72
4	Bus Ride	'74
5	"Jane, Jane"	'72
6	World on Fire Peter Racicot	'72
7	Four Years After	'72
7	For Linda	'72
8	Untitled	'74
10	WaitingPeter Racicot	72
11	Sketch	72
12	Autumn II	'72
14	UntitledKate Plaud	'74
14	The Orphic Dream	'72
15	A Statistic	'72
16	Human Ballet, a paintingFrank Lenti	'72
18	II	'74
18	For Mercy on His Soul	'72
19	For A. C. Patricia Kazarnowicz	'74
20	Sketch: Old Man in Spring Susan Ells	'73
21	Old Man in SpringPaul Callahan	'72
22	Women Diane O'Flynn	'72
24	Untitled Charlotte Gareau	'74
25	Sketch	72
26	Spring IIPaul Callahan	'72
28	To Patricia	'72
29	The Cave Peter Racicot	'72
30	Rush of Man, a painting Frank Lenti	'72
31	Untitled	'74
31	Untitled	'74
32	The Escape Richard Rogers	'72

Staff

Editor

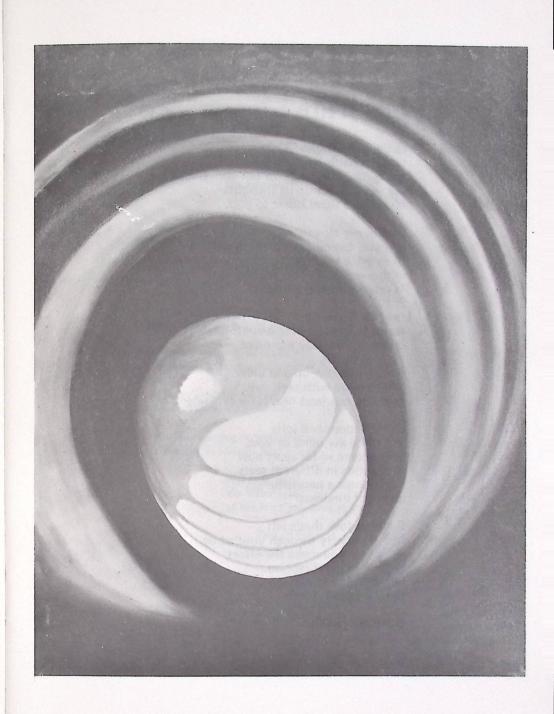
Richard Rogers

Assistant Editor

Peter Racicot

Art

Mary Murphy



bus ride

as the late afternoon sun creeps stealthily across the constant murmur of bus conversation my mind packs up its thoughts and carries them home to you.

here in my aloneness in a seat shared only with myself I can trace the features of your gentleness with warm and knowing fingers in private unseen motions.

the ride home on Friday afternoons seems longer than the endless hauls on sleepy Monday mornings. I still maintain that roads grow up and older a little more with each day. how else can frost heaves be explained?

all the bumps and jolts can't free my mind of you. we've come so far apart now that sitting in different seats has become a necessity--- an act of kindness.

the little love that's left flickers briefly through your smile whenever you make the effort to look in my direction. but even smiles can speak in very distant tones.

charlotte gareau

gane. gane

Jane, Jane, the hurricane of dawn burns on your windowpane.

From your dreams of chivalry awaken to reality,

from your dreams of kings & flowers rise and greet the brutal hours.

All the kingdoms of the night crumble in dawn's vicious light

and all your made-up lovers fade when dawn bleeds on your window shades.

Jane, Jane, beneath your feet humanity suffers in the streets,

the world is banging at your door, the violent light assaults the floor

and Jane, Jane, the bitter pain of life is on you once again.

Paul Callahan

(I have taken the form and the character of this poem from the poem "Aubade" by Edith Sitwell.)

World On Fire

Little minds with tiny thoughts,
Boats on seas of fire,
Going down in screaming yells
From worlds where arms perspire.

Thrown on seas of tossing red,
Licked on face and eye,
Watching as their world goes dead
And they must watch it fry.

They long for glimpses of old wrecks And they grasp what few they see, But these are burning with the rest, One arsonist is me.

Burn in this hell you flabby blobs! Pray that you can perspire! For we have left you far behind To wriggle in the fire.

Peter Racicot

Four Years After

Funny, looking back from here i find it hard to realize our love had ever been.

I cried...so long
but even the coldest winter
ends in spring.
i don't remember
how long ago i gave up
asking why.
you're gone now...
i don't know who
you spend sundays with
or if drugs have filled the void.
sometimes i wish you'd kept
your promise
and kept in touch.
but i don't cry anymore
i hope you don't either.

First love is beautiful but it only lays the foundation for other loves to come.

Donna Nachajko

For Linda

When blue eyes Laughing found Me, I found Sadness dies.

Alfred La Fleche

the night speaks softly
of its disenchantment with the day.
softly - so no intruder upon its stillness
may hear its rumblings of sorrow
and take offense
for something he didn't do.

streams of fog
flow down the avenues towards home,
pausing here and there
to lightly veil and soothe
the harsh outcries of lonely streetlights.

wrapped in its majestic robe of silence this town offers little to the wanderer by night. he in turn can give the same without feelings of guilt or blame for broken windows.

alone in darkness
where even shadows
are afraid of other shadows,
I meet myself in song
praising joyfully the beauty
of your being.

these walks have become
a midnight obsession with me now.
the thought of meeting you again
journeys with me in my heart
and haunts the echo of my footsteps.

under a streetlight once —
our encounter brief
with neither glint of recognition
nor delight at having discovered
the presence of each other
with only the fog as audience,
could be traced in the hollows
of your eyes.
perhaps the dimness of the night
prevented me from seeing
all of what you felt.

maybe someday
in better lighting
you'll pause a while
and wonder who I am
and if I'm worth the time
it takes to stop and say hello.

charlotte gareau

I waited for your coming, Babe;
Roosters perched lightly,
Their necks bursting slightly,
Awaiting the dawn
That their notes could jump on.

I looked in brilliant places;
Halls of unfulfilled dreams
With blood pushing the seams,
Running to the dusty street,
Trampled on by shoe-less feet.

I trailed to the trees;
Where bark cluttered ways
And the birds were on trays
Being pushed, being carried
By eyes that weren't married.

I turned into the crowd;
Fingers and eyes of giant size,
Praising all the working lies
Of jesters and requesters who
Do just what they couldn't do.

Last, I turned my eyes inside;
Rippling blood through bodies fast,
Joined in harmony til the last
Moment of the breaking through
And the babe was not me but you.

Peter Racicot

S 4 - H - Z ()



to a face or configuration and necessity

Autumn II

(from The Pacifist)

the moon is rising through the death smoke of burning vegetation.

> (we were children together. brothers by the winding brook where we sailed empty pods when the air was filled with fall's incense.)

ALL LIFE FALLS, GASPING, INTO THE WORM-EATEN WOMB!

the pilotless winds invisibly blow the stars about like the embered fragments of leaves in a fire blackened meadow.

(he loved the season's violent beauty.

looking beyond the fatal frost he beheld april—
shapes

and so...understood the trees in their tearless, —
twilight solitude.)

ONE BY ONE THE STARS FLICKER OUT AND LEAVE BLACK HOLES IN THE SKY!

cold rains & great mists mantle the old earth. the sparkling worm coils silently around the granite skull. (all moved away from the newly packed earth leaving me mute with my memories.

"the face in the cloth of victory!
the face in the rag of defeat!"*
the winding brook carried his pod
to shores obscured by clouds
of milkweed and smoke.)

THE WIND STIRRED THE WITHERED TONGUES OF THE TREES: THE HOARSE DEATH—WHISPERS OF THE UNIVERSE!

the rose blossom trapped by a late frost turns brown on the vine. the wolf steals silently among the flock upon ths snow. the child fell in the field of his dreams and blew away like dust.

> (i returned from the place of darkness. the skies in empty chaos twisted above me, the earth made hollow sounds beneath my feet. frost would claim the world in the morning.)

SUDDEN STARS DROP FROM THE HEAVENS IN A LEPROUS CASCADE OF DEATH!

Paul Callahan

*Veronica's Cloth, depending on your beliefs you can take the imprint of Christ's face two ways

1. A Savior fulfilling scripture

2. A defeated human-beina.

The Orphic Dream

The black glistening arm of the sea
Ripples silently
Sable clouds are slowly etched across
the starless night
A distant shore opalesces with
Encrusted diamonds
As a drowsy world begins once more
To slumber.
The fitful wind blows hesitantly
Over a restless sea
In the magnificiently peaceful darkness
Two hands touch.

Richard Rogers

You find a thought
It all comes out
In purple, gold, and red
And leans its face into the sun
With all that can be said
Erase the dried up, wrinkled brow
On mother nature's face
Caress the warm and crisp new sea
Bubbling in the brain
To flow out like the sea that ebbs away through rocky cliffs
And find a home where seagulls sail on sparkling silver ships
To touch each living creature with the words and thoughts of now
And nevermore to find despair when ancient buildings tumble down.

Kate Plaud

A Statistic

Crack
he falls.
the mud turns red.
life pinkens the green water
of a stagnant swamp.

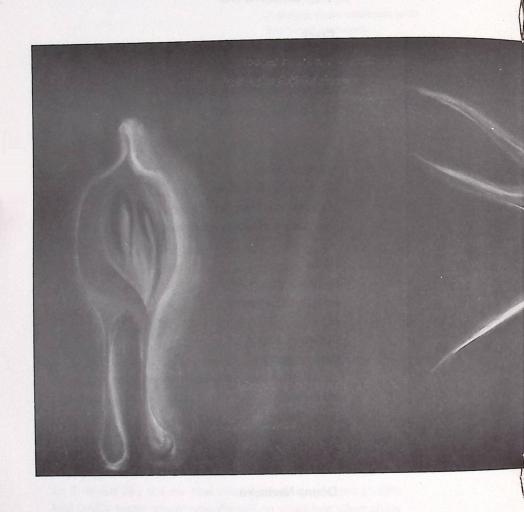
No she trembles. her face turns white. a paper falls from her fingers. hot tears wet a cold table top.

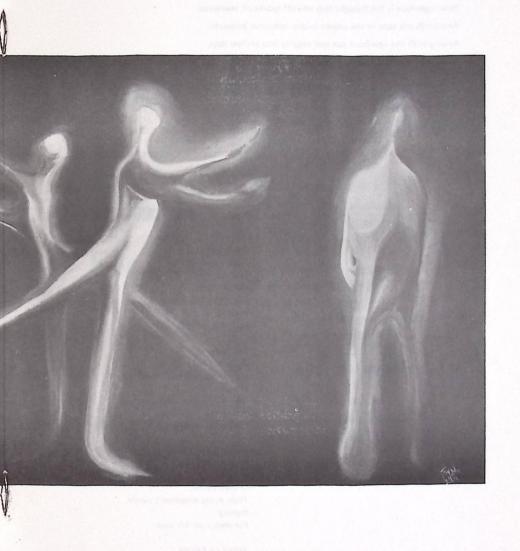
Mama why are you crying? what's the matter?

Killed in action...
tucked away
somewhere between supermarket ads.
glanced at.
forgotten.

Why?

Donna Nachajko





II

How ingenious is the thought that sets off sparks of revelation

And binds the seen to the unseen in any unknown situation.

Arising with the new-born sun and seeping into endless days

A long and winding road to follow, each one making different ways.

Kate Plaud

For Mercy On His Soul

The knight,
The beautiful knight,
Lay shattered and bloody
In the field,
The death filled field,
Praying
For mercy on his soul.

The princess,
The beautiful princess,
Lay crying and mourning
In her room,
Her cold empty room,
Praying
For mercy on his soul.

The king and queen,
The beautiful king and queen,
Stood broken and alone
In their castle,
Their dying kingdom's castle,
Praying
For mercy on his soul.

Alfred La Fleche

He came every time I called
Tilted back the chair and sat
He just kept looking through
the tissue-paper windows of my mind
And all I could say was
Stay out of my head.

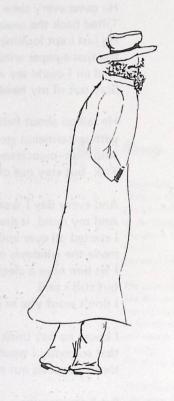
He talked about ladies with watermelon stomachs And men--pipecleaner thin Talk, but stay out of my head.

For A.C.

And every day I weakened
And my mind, it died
I started all over and
made the windows out of glass
I let him have a clearer view
but still I said
I don't want you in my head.

I know he was thinking that someday I would make those windows out of air.

Pat Kazarnowicz



"An old man in early spring"

"That is no country for old men"*

His face is like the face of a deep pond wrinkled by the wind. His thin body droops within the waves of his oceanic overcoat.

An old man in the March winds: a slow, liquid motion on Main Street.

"And yesterday it was May and I ran with my brother through the backyard lilacs."

How slow. Yellow with age. Yesterday's newspapers. His paper thin shoe makes a rasping sound: withered leaves in gutters.

An old man beneath the pregnant clouds of March: a dying branch beneath branches throbbing with life.

"Last night, after the rain, we opened our moonwet windows and let the but-thick air into our bedroom."

Eyes that seem to say; "Look! there is someone trapped within this decaying flesh!"

Profound absurdity! Dust awaiting the cycle's consummation in the vegetable rain.

*"Sailing to Byzantium"
By W. B. Yeats

Paul Callahan

Women

```
Virgin mary
no dirty menstrual
Blood-
no horror-
       ghastly-
  mysteries
  sacred sakti
     first pack-
        animal
       blessed
     sacrament
  of law-ordered
        bondage
     babies - alien-
          named-
        for-
         possession
           purposes
        hag, whore,
             slut,
       old maid
         clairol-color
          sex trap
       california cosmetics
        it takes a nice ass
        liberation in
             super-exploitation
        the most dismal
                of
           revolutions!
           mad-ave-fad-
                bag
           passivity-
              a product-
           to be purchased-
                   be sweet-
                   crassly-
                   be nice
                   bitches-
                get
                   nowhere-
              satisfy-
```

it's biological what's the matter, honey? can't you dig on sex? asks the egoeatened-away hulk of fat everyone knows she works for shit because her place is in the home to begin withpart-timesupplementarynot steadynot-dependable Chris lives on her own doesn't even get above poverty 40 hours plus in shop drudgery tell her anythingliemess up her timeyou knowshe's just sitting there eager for you to callshe's got nothing better to do And after allshe's used to it she takes what she can get though it gets her nowhere

Diane O'Flynn

walking in this field
where nothing is required of me
except the counting of a daisy's petals
with slow, steady accuracy,
conversing with the gracefulness
of the tall September grass
becomes a journey away from myself
into the heart of nature,
where the skies reflect your eyes
and even the breeze around me
whispers the words
you used to love me with.

deep within I know
that when I go back to town
to the barren streets
and broken sidewalks,
home to my little room
where all the thoughts
of a world in madness
run wild across my pillow,
frustration will invade
to hold my soul again
and my mind will lose
its single breath of freedom.

charlotte gareau



Spring II

(from The Pacifist)

up!
the vegetation gropes upward
to the sun.

(we were thrushspirits.
spirits as pure as rain,
as reckless in our innocent motions as rivers.)

THE ENTIRE APRIL UNIVERSE WORKS ITS WAY BACK TO ITS ORIGINS!

trees greenly finger sunlight.
the moon mingles with nature's blood,
men dream of seas and
the wet earth smells wombish.

(i came upon her silently, trembling, filled with awkward tenderness.)

THE GREAT NEBULOUS STRUCTURE CURLS INWARD AND ITS WET FUR GLISTENS!

dark, heavy clouds burst with birth-flood. sudden flowers sweeten the death-befouled earth. (i found her open mouth through the dark: a living grotto! somewhere an angel was singing. beautiful children were leading flocks of beautiful sheep over flowering hillsides. far away a voice was calling and the voice was the voice of a god.)

IT MUST ALL BEGIN AGAIN!

the Earth Mother lies before the sun. her nipples gleam with rainsuck & moonkiss. her womb stretches wide with living things.

(she rose from my pounding boy's heart, bound up her hair, smoothed out her dress and departed.
the wind played with her smells: flowers, fingers & starlight.
i closed my eyes and felt the return of her mouth in the physical darkness.)

SO MUCH DEPENDS UPON THE SILENT ERUPTION OF THE BUD AT DAWN!

Paul Callahan

To Patricia

III

As a sailor yearning for the unvanquished sea from searching searching from an ageless search discovers the treasure of green deep swells. So I a matchless inamorate shimmering with the warm breath of an exotic sea and with the ocean breeze softly caressing her tender face gently doused with sunlight she is love's ecstasy Patricia overwhelming intoxicating enchanting. Where the sea embraces the white beach You and I stand two together.

Richard Rogers

The Cave

I fear to disrupt the moveless tomb, To wave the stillness in the room And rattle-back the weary walls With even melodious poet's calls.

The dark around has weighted me And cast me deep in perplexity To grasp inside this darkened cave Which once was a great dead man's grave.

Silent footfalls I can hear
Of muted angels trodding near
Who kiss my ear with pretty things
Then fly and laugh behind their wings.

This resting world's aglow With the things that angels know, Light of the world in a vain Which has never come, and again.

Light into a blackness brought By words which ancient elders wrought To leave a candle underground For children and poets to dance around.

Peter Racicot



The darkness was upon us;
The day had drifted far —
Nourished by food and quenched by drink,
Still into the darkness we hopelessly sink.
Traveled, tragic, trail of woe
We've reaped the fields,
And now we sow.
Crushed by causes to the black, damp cellar
Into the soul to seek relief.
Suddenly feel the warmth of the night
Drifting to the stars and rising to the light:
A night in summer
Trees dancing to the music of the fading sun.
Come with me over the hill.

Kate Plaud

imprisoned
in your chamber of evil
where love is life
and life is hell,
you lose your mind
in hysterical traumas
as you're hurled
from wall to wall
of bricked terror.

burning
in the fires
of your own passions
you sink deeper
into black chaos
because they say
God is dead
but so are you
because you believe it.

charlotte gareau

the escape

rubics in blood
streaked across the endless ambages of mankind
a fleeting instant of blurred existence
a name unrecorded not remembered
the auto-de-fe of a self-immolating world

An awesomely noetic world
the unsuccessful concatenations of someone's brainchild
a nulliparous race of pixilated minds
etiolated faces and colloped bodies
but who hates the world enough to save it

escape

to refuse to be a proverbial blob of vestigial ink a nonentity marinated in profound obscurity in the coffle of mass meaningless mediocrity under shamen flatulent with miasmatic kulter

love

divine agape of the gods, manna of the soul the kudos of an unimaginable angogic adventure the oneiric enhancement of happiness for love is the only truth that leads to sanity

richard rogers

